

## Our Tramp Around the City

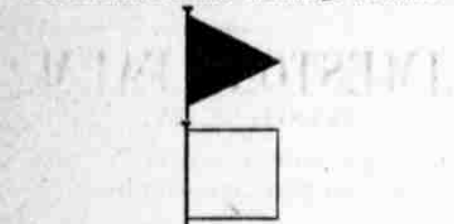


### KENTUCKY WEATHER REPORT.

What We May Expect Between This Time and To-morrow Evening.

### THE LEDGER'S WEATHER SIGNALS.

White streamer—FAIR; Blue—RAIN or SNOW; With Black ABOVE—TWO WARMER STOW. If Black's BENEATH—COLDER 'till bet; Unless Black's shown—no change we'll see.



The above forecasts are made for a period of thirty-six hours, ending at 8 o'clock to-morrow evening.



SHE WAS ALL RIGHT. She could not darn his socks or sew A button on his coat; She could not make a decent shirt To fit his manly throat. But what cared he if she had not A talent to unfold? For when he married her she had A hundred thousand fold.

### Personal Points

If you have friends visiting you, or if you are going away on a visit, please drop us a note to that effect.

Editor Duley of *The Democrat* was down from Flemingsburg yesterday.

Miss Jennie West of Cincinnati is visiting Mrs. C. W. Forman near Washington.

Mrs. J. H. Wilson accompanied Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Ross on their return to Covington yesterday.

Leslie Adamson, who has been clerking for some time at Nelson's store, has returned to Cincinnati.

Miss Lulu Orr has returned to her home in Cincinnati after a pleasant visit to the family of Simon Nelson.

Miss Maggie Greer and Mrs. John Richer of Cynthia, and Miss Maggie Russell of Portsmouth, are visiting George F. Brown and wife of this city.

John and Linn Gurney and their families were here yesterday attending the burial of their nephew, R. Lee Ross. It was their first visit to Maysville in many years.

CAPTAIN HIRAM DAVIS, a well-known steamboatman, died at Ashland, aged 69.

AN Eastern syndicate is negotiating for McCauley's Theater, Louisville, at a rent of \$12,500 a year.

THE Women's Missionary Society of the First Presbyterian Church will meet this afternoon at 4 o'clock.

THE President has directed Assistant Secretary of State Wharton to act as Secretary of State temporarily.

NEAR Lexington the Woodburn farm's training stable was burned, together with nine trotters. Loss, \$12,000.

EXTRA copies of THE LEDGER can be had at Harry Taylor's News Depot or at the office, No. 10 East Third street.

JULIUS BOWMAN, nephew of R. H. Bowman, printer, formerly of this city, died of typhoid fever in Newport yesterday.

STOCKHOLDERS in the Lexington Chautauqua will probably get out an injunction to restrain the Directors from selling their property known as Woodland Park.

"OLD PATTERSON," belonging to Col. W. W. Baldwin, and probably the best known carriage horse in the county, died yesterday. He was about 15 years old.

## ANCIENT ORDER HIBERNIANS!

### Proceedings of Yesterday's Session of the State Organization in this City.

### LAST NIGHT'S ENJOYABLE BANQUET.

### Eloquent Responses by Frank P. O'Donnell, Esq., of this City, and Visiting Delegates.



The visiting delegates to the A. O. H. State Convention now being held in this city were banqueted last night by Division No. 1, Mason County, and the fairest ladies, the sweetest music, the sublimest uplifting poetry, an eloquence that moves to smiles and tears, a toothsome, tempting spread, rendered the occasion the most enjoyable of the season's entertainments.

At 8:30 the Delegates and members of the Division and their ladies began to assemble at the beautiful new Division Hall, Northeast corner Second and Market streets, where an informal reception was held, and at 9:15 the array of female beauty and manly gallantry that arm in arm repaired to the banquet room at Neptune Hall has been seldom equaled even in our city, far-famed for female beauty.

At the banquet hall the swelling notes of Tannhauser March, interpreted by that king of the baton, Hauke, made lighter still the hearts and steps on pleasure bent.

The Neptune Hall as well as the Division Halls was beautifully festooned and wreathed by the hands of two Cincinnati decorators, specially procured for the occasion, transforming all into an elysium of beauty.

The Green Flag proudly paid its respects to the Stars and Stripes, the crowning piece of the decorations of the evening.

The sweetest flowers made redolent the atmosphere, all forming a scene gratifying to the eye and ear, delighting every sense of body, captivating every faculty of mind.

The banquet, a perfection, was spread by the well-known caterer, P. Luzi. At each plate were artistic menu and toast cards which read as follows:

**Menu.**  
*Relishes.*  
French Olives, Canned Pickles, Tomato Catsup, Lexington Mustard, Sardines with Lemons, Home-made Mustard, Worcester Sauce, Horse Radish.  
*Cold Baked.*  
Turkey with Raspberry, Corned Beef, Ham, Lamb, Tongue.  
*Cold Roast.*  
Veal, Mutton, Beef, Chicken, Lamb, Duck.  
*Salads.*  
Boulet, Lobster, Lettuce, Saratoga Chips, Cold Slaw, Potatoes, Sliced Tomatoes.  
*Pastry.*  
French Marble Cake, Coconut Cake, Birds Cake, Chocolate Cake, Fig Cake, Jelly Cake, Lady Fingers.  
*Ices.*  
Lemon Sherbet, Pine Apple Sherbet, Vanilla Ice Cream, Strawberries with Cream.  
*Fruits and Nuts.*  
Almonds, English Walnuts, Cream Nuts, Pecans, Filberts, Apples, Bananas, Oranges.  
*Drinks.*  
Chocolate, Hot Coffee, Ice Tea, Milk.  
P. LUZI, Caterer.

The invocation grace having been said by Rev. George C. Bealer, Curate of St. Patrick's Church, the lower man having been seated, then began a feast of reason and flow of soul under the direction of our efficient and popular City Clerk, M. A. O'Hare the Toastmaster. The very embodiment of ease and grace, he eloquently introduced the toasts, sentiments and speakers of the evening, blending "wit and sense and eloquence" in a manner that won him the much deserved plaudits of the evening.

The following is the program, between each number of which the dying echoes of our own National hymns were followed in quick succession by the soul-stirring patriotic airs of old Ireland:

**PROGRAMME.**  
Master of Ceremonies..... M. A. O'Hare, C. D.  
A. O. H. James Rogers, State Delegate  
Division No. 1, Maysville..... John T. Short  
United States..... Hon. M. T. Shine  
Our Motto..... P. O'Donnell  
Song (The Last Words of Hummel)..... J. O'Mahony  
Our State..... Charles Daly  
Charleston Solo..... John J. Kain  
The Ladies..... W. T. Cummins

We regret that the lateness of the hour prevents us from giving in detail the speeches of the various gentlemen, each of whom acquitted himself with a dignity becoming the occasion. After the speeches, dancing was indulged in and continued until an early hour this morning.

The following was the speech of Frank P. O'Donnell, Esq., a member of the Mason County Bar, who responded to the toast, "Our Motto—Friendship, Unity and True Christian Charity."

*Mr. Toastmaster, Ladies, and Fellow Brethren of the Ancient Order of Hibernians:* There is one almost infallible rule by which we can judge of the character of an organization, and that is by a consideration of its objects. Societies, like human acts, may be specified good or bad according to their objects. Let us then briefly consider the aims of Hibernianism as expressed in its motto, "Friendship, Unity and True Christian Charity," that thereby our great and just pride in this noble Order may continue, and that we may keep in mind the sublime dignity of our noble organization.

"Hand Grasp hand, eye lights eye in good friendship, And great hearts expand, And grow one in the sense of this world's life."

That society must be good that has among its aims the highest social virtue, Friendship, the first cardinal principle of our motto, was long ago designated by Cicero in that most beautiful dissertation that ever sprung from the mind of man, *De Amicitia*, as the greatest of all virtues, for it is the union of all. *Est autem amicitia nihil aliud nisi omnium deorum humanorumque rerum cum benevolentia et caritate summa consensio.* Friendship is naught less than the conjunction of all things, divine and human, in benevolence and the most exalted love. But the Friendship which Hibernianism makes its object and has enscribed on its banner, has a higher than that of the invokers of the "immortal gods."

"'Tis love refined and purged of all its dross, 'Tis next to angels' love, if not the same, As strong as passion, though not so gross."

Go where you will, the true Hibernian hand grasp hand in greeting hearty and invigorating. Enter under his hospitable roof, humble though it be, the sincerity of his salutation "Caed mille Falthe," will appear in other ways than words and "breathing courtesies." Eye lights eye in good friendship, and great hearts expand. What heart is more expansive and sympathetic than the heart of the son of Erin?

"His heart is one of those which most enamour us, Wax to receive, and marble to retain."

Warm hearted by nature, for three hundred years has he been bred, by cruel afflictions and dismal disasters, in the school of sympathy in which all men are made brothers. It is this warmth, innate and cultivated, that makes the friendship of the Irishman so sincere; this sincerity makes a zealot of him in whatever he places his affections. Let him once befriend you and so long as that relation lasts he will die for you. This history proves; not only his undaunted fidelity to James substantiates the statement, but the loyalty of the Irishman to party, faith and friend, is universally conceded. If he be a Catholic, he will testify his fealty to faith, even to the spilling of his life blood. If he be a Presbyterian, not less abiding will be his integrity. If he be an Hibernian, the exalted, God-blessed Friendship which that Ancient Order Advocates burns within him, quickening the noble ardor of his soul, actuating his sympathetic nature in deeds of unselfish, lofty love.

Tully it was who observed that Friendship improves happiness and abates misery by the "doubling of our joy and dividing of our grief;" and it is principally in the gloomy day of need that the Hibernian is a friend indeed. When broken down in body and in spirit, and the heart that was ever eager to provide is crushed by sickness and cruel adversity, when the hand that was ever active to extend to the needy its beneficent aid is itself emaciated and shriveled by fell disease, then it is that Hibernianism lends to Friendship a true, Christian, merit-producing character. *Sine ira et studio*, brothers; brothers to strive, brothers to

guard and guide, brothers at the bedside, brothers to nurse back to strength. And when at last, God being willing, the end approaches, things material recede from the dying eye, and the last sad farewell is sobbed to the fleeting spirit, the duties which are imposed on the Hibernian are not yet ended.

"He hath a tear for pity, and a hand Open as day, for melting charity."

The sorrowing bereaved are to be consoled; the helpless wife and fatherless little ones, the dependent gray-haired mother, the tottering aged father are to be provided for. The cold body has been buried in the grave, but the spirit and memory of that spirit Catholic Hibernianism immortalizes. The bond of Friendship is not broken, but is ennobled, made more enduring, yes eternal, for the spirit passes from the brotherhood militant in this life of battles to the brotherhood triumphant in the sunshine of victory and eternal Friendship.

"A song for our banner, the watchword recall, United we stand, divided we fall."

A necessary concomitant of organization is Unity. Unity of purpose, unity of action, unity of results are the three unities of our aims and realizations. Numbering, as does the Ancient Order of Hibernians, a membership far into the tens and hundreds of thousands, including men of all occupations and stations of life, of all climes, it is a colossal fabric of unity, in which all parts are beautifully symmetrical, harmonizing with the whole; a grand unity of hearts in friendship, a majestic unity of hands in deeds of sublimity.

Some one has said that that people who never pause and look behind would never move forward. Let us then, we Irishmen and daughters and sons of Irishmen, pause for a moment to-night and take a short survey of the history of Ireland for the purpose of inquiring into the unity of the ancient Irish political institutions. There are some who assert that because for the past three hundred years—owing to causes which were neither created nor controllable by the Celt—Ireland's condition has been one of sad political disruption and disaster, that therefore the Irish are incapable of amalgamation. The history of the children of the Gael denies the conclusion. The ancient political history of Ireland presents a refinement of unity, which, in its advancement of the political institutions of its day, is the admiration and marvel of the researcher into the past. Over all continental Europe, monarchy, absolute and despotic, was the prevailing form of government. In Ireland Patrick discovered no idiotic King whose only qualification for the scepter was because his father had been recent. In Tara, the National Congress Hall, he found assembled, chosen for their strength of mind and body, one general supreme chieftain, and one chieftain from each of the provinces Ulster, Munster, Leinster and Connaught. To Tara they yearly came with their bards and minstrels, their Brehons and lawmakers, to hear the annals of the Nation, to formulate new laws and interpret the old. Each chieftain was monarch in his own province, and had a representative voice in the National Congress. Here we have an *"E pluribus unum,"* a government built on the Democratic principle of state rights; here a government in its unity strikingly like our own unequalled Union of the states. This unity and the pre-eminent advancement of the Irish government was for a long time ignored and treated as a myth, but as Sir Charles DeKay, an Englishman, in *The Century* for June, 1890, says, "Students of the evolution, students of the state, students of modern governments and those who examine the history of our laws, hereafter go to the old Irish records for enlightenment; a few, a very few, Englishmen have seen this, notably the late Matthew Arnold and Sir Henry Maine."

Yes, ladies and gentlemen, for Irish unity the brightest prowess of her intrepid sons has on the field of battle been enacted. For it have they sacrificed possessions, wealth, life, everything, faith excepted. Need I recall those bloody struggles of '98, '48 and '67? Clontarf, Benbulbin, Blackwater and Limerick, those dark times and bloody scenes in which the tower of Ireland stood up as a wall for Irish unity, ready to shed his blood for that unity so dear to his heart? Need I summon from the grave the immortal spirits of the chivalric Brian Boru, the indefatigable Sarsfield, the gallant Emmet and the tens of thousands of other valiant heroes of the Gael whose life-blood went out for Irish unity? Need I recall those long two hundred years of strife and battle against the invading Dane, the Piet and Goth, before whose overwhelming brute force the whole of Europe and England inclined, bowed down its head in silent defeat. Ireland alone, be it said to the credit of her undying love of National unity, to the credit of her undaunted valor, to the credit of her superiority in military skill, Ireland alone, of all the world, was able to repel the devastating invasions of the barbaric horde.

Tell me then that the Irish are incapable of amalgamation! Is not their unity to faith as life-long and as fast as their unity of soul and body? Is not our own Ancient Organization, numbering hundreds of thousands strong, yet one in purpose, one in mind, one in action, a living, overwhelming denial of the statement? This the unity, the second emblem of our motto, the unity, which is

"A song for our banner, the watchword recall, United we stand, divided we fall."

The thoughts and heart enlarged; hath his seat in reason, and is judicious: it is the seal By which to eternal love thou mayest ascend."

If there is one condition of things more than another that sanctifies and ennobles an undertaking, it is having charity as its object. This grand end, charity, gives to our ancient organization, its nobleness, its stability, its wonderful efficacy in doing good. Charity is so broad in its comprehension that it embraces all good, every Christian virtue. Charity is that without which we are nothing, "a tinkling cymbal," "sounding brass," "if I should distribute all my goods to feed the poor, and should deliver my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing." The sweetest word known to man is Love, and charity is love. A learned sage has said that the Great Judge "regardeth more out of how much love a man doth a work, than how much he doth." Again quoth he, "The wise man considers not so much the gift of the lover, as the love of the

giver. He doth much that loveth much."

Such, ladies and gentlemen, is the noble aim and the third emblem of the motto of our Ancient Order, inculcating charity, heavenly charity by deed and dictum. It holds out to its brotherhood a charity that "is kind, is patient;" a charity that "envieth not, that dealeth not perversely;" a charity that is "not provoked to anger." It holds up the example of Patrick, Ireland's Apostle Saint, forsaking the luxuries of his paternal home in France, abandoning the refined pleasures and vaulting aspirations of the nobility, relinquishing the ardent ties of paternal affection, material hopes and pride, sacrificing all on the altar of a charity "which sought not her own good," that the saving truths of Christianity might be carried to the sons and daughters of Erin. It recalls to mind the long and wearisome years of life-love he spent with untiring zeal among the people of that devoted little green isle from the time of his arrival at Tara, converting the five great chieftains in council assembly, until the hour of his edifying death at his holy retreat in Salsburgh. It ever keeps before us the illustrious name and resplendent charity of a Columkill, a Columban, a Kevin, a Kiernan, a Malachi of Armagh, a Lawrence O'Toole and so many others of that Isle of Saints, bright exemplars of love, faithful followers of the great "Man of Love," the Godman.

It is such a love as this "that refines the thoughts" and makes the heart swell in noble action; it is such a love as this, making sure the ascent to Eternal Love, that Hibernianism takes as its motto, and makes the object of its existence; a love which, like mercy, "is not strained; it droppeth as the gentle rain from Heaven," blessing him that gives and him that takes.

The Ancient Order of Hibernians tells us with a sainted ascetic of the fifteenth century, "nothing is sweeter than love, nothing stronger, nothing higher, nothing wider, nothing more pleasant, nothing fuller or better in Heaven or on earth; for love is born of God and cannot rest but in God."

It is thus, ladies and gentlemen, Hibernianism emphatically proclaims and proudly emblazons on its banner the heraldry of its aims, its beautiful motto of Friendship, Unity and True Christian Charity. A Friendship which converts men into not only well-wishers, not only friends, but brothers; brothers who are such not for their own occasion, but brothers who will "abide in the day of trouble." A Unity which is a bond of strength in good deeds. A Charity which teaches,

"that the drying up of a single tear has more of honest fame, than shedding seas of gore."

Its Charity is "the fulfilling of the law." The *summum bonum* of life. Herein lies the exalted excellency of Hibernianism, the undying glory of its motto which, like the little three-leaved evergreen shamrock of Ireland, is never fading and triune; a self-sacrificing, ever-abiding Friendship, cemented by a firm, indivisible Unity, sanctified by an ennobling, God-given, True Christian Charity.

In response to "Division No. 1, Mason County," Mr. John T. Short said:

*Mr. Toastmaster, Ladies and Gentlemen:* There is only one thing said by our toastmaster that I can indorse, and that is that I am not in the habit of saying anything eloquently. I do sincerely wish that I could find words eloquent enough to express my pride for the success of the Division I am expected to answer for to-night. With all its members, I rejoice that we have, hand in hand, worked for the common good, and thanks to the energies of the members of Division No. 1, our efforts have been crowned with unequalled success. Organized in 1887 with a small membership, we have to-day 100 members, representing sobriety, integrity, fidelity to duty, and we fill many of the responsible positions in this city and county. We have worked our way into the history of this city with an advancement that marks us as an intellectual, refined and cultivated people, and the influences of our Order have that purifying effect over our hearts and minds which strengthen our faith in our holy religion.

Our Division No. 1 does not boast of its antiquity, but it is of the present day; it is not rich in the love of centuries, but it is the creation and pride of this advanced and progressive nineteenth century, made up of men who are not crowned with the veneration of age, but favored in everything that goes to make young manhood progressive, and whose influences on the events of to-day show a growth and liberality that will bear golden fruit. Let us continue to labor harmoniously together, bearing constantly in mind that the permanency of our Division is dependent upon men who have well considered the problems of life and are ever ready to devote and consecrate themselves to the duties and perform the offices that meet the wants of humanity, for there is none so low, none so high, none so strong, none so weak and humble, but may gather strength and wisdom from the fountains of Friendship and Unity's spring, from that rock of True Christian Charity which binds and fraternizes our beloved Order.

The Committee on Arrangements, Messrs. Thomas Guilfoyle, John Day, James S. Redmond, Jr., William Moran and John O'Keefe, to whom much credit is due, displayed great tact and taste, every appointment and detail moving on without the least delay and to the satisfaction of all.

The Convention is still in session, and though much business, including the election of state officers, is yet undone, it is believed that to-day will conclude the deliberations of the Convention.

THE Court of Appeals has reversed the Robertson Circuit Court in the case of Wilson, receiver, vs. Linville, etc. Ross & Owens, Hanson Kennedy, J. J. Osborne for appellant, Winfield Buckler for appellee.

CHARLES BLANK, for many years a leading butcher of Lexington, was found dead in bed at his room in the Ashland House. He was 91 years old, and had a family of grown children. Once he was wealthy, but he lost all his money in speculation.

COVINGTONIANS are organizing a Young Men's Blaine Club.

R. I. KEELER celebrated his 69d birthday at Norwalk, O., Sunday.

GEORGE PARKS, a well-known G. A. R. man, is mysteriously missing from his home in Cincinnati.

MARY HARMON disappeared from Coney Island a few days ago and her body has been found in the river.

THE thanks of the editor are hereby tendered to Hon. Thomas H. Paynter for valuable public documents.

A FREIGHT train on the L. and N. was wrecked near Franklin. No one was hurt, but much damage was done to the train.

DANIEL LOCKWOOD, aged 73, a prominent dry goods merchant of Cincinnati, died suddenly Sunday at his farm near Loveland.

CONGRESS has appropriated \$52,000 for the establishment of a branch Postoffice on the grounds of the World's Columbian Exposition at Chicago.

REUBEN DAILEY, a prominent politician and newspaper editor of Jeffersonville, Ind., was badly injured by the breaking of his bicycle wheel at Cincinnati.

HOWARD FARR, night clerk at the St. Clair, Cincinnati, skipped out with \$275 handed him by a guest for safe keeping. "How Farr" he has gone no one can tell.

SAMUEL WILKINS, a native of Monongalia county, W. Va., emigrated to Russellville, O., in 1831, and lives there yet, aged 80, and is the town's oldest citizen.

THE bill to appropriate \$12,000 to complete the Geological Survey was killed in the Senate at Frankfort Saturday. It will come up again on a motion to reconsider.

THE Lebanon Enterprise has found the meanest man. When asked for a match to light a cigar just purchased of him he produced it, but broke it in two and retained one-half.

GEORGE T. SALT, who has been running a bucket-shop at the Farmers' and Drivers' Stockyards, Cincinnati, has "salted" several Kentucky hayseeds, who put up margins with him.

THE Fleetwood has been making her Sunday run of 150 miles to Louisville in nine hours and a half. This is better than fifteen miles an hour, including all landings, and almost the entire distance is covered in daylight.

REMEMBER, THE LEDGER prints "Help Wanted," "Lost," "Found," and similar notices not of a business character, free of charge. The only thing we require is that the copy be sent in before 9 o'clock on day of publication.

MRS. WILSTACH of Philadelphia, who died last February, has bequeathed \$125,000 to the Philadelphia Young Men's Christian Association. This is the second largest sum which has ever been given to the Association work.

THE two story residence of Col. John F. Davis was destroyed by fire at Shelbyville. Loss, about \$2,500; insurance, \$1,800. Most of the furniture was burned, on which there was no insurance. De-fective flue in the kitchen.

G. BABBITT, a wealthy distiller of Pulaski county, was tried before a United States Commissioner and bound over to the Frankfort Court on a \$1,000 bond. Babbitt would not let his store-keeper remain at the distillery.

THE annual meeting at Ruggles Camp-ground will begin July 28th and close August 8th. The privileges will be let at the grounds on July 4th, and those who contemplate bidding should read the advertisement in another column of THE LEDGER.

CONGRESS having amended the law so as to prevent the Postoffice Department from printing return request cards on stamped envelopes, and as the measure is likely to become a law, now is the time to order your stamped envelopes if you want your printing for nothing.

THE lifeless body of Mrs. Lizzie Pfalzgraf, a deserted wife, was found lying in a court in rear of her lodgings at Cincinnati, the head crushed and the body lacerated. It has not been determined whether she was murdered or whether she suicided by jumping from a window.

W. H. FREDERICK has handed THE LEDGER a copy of *Brownline's Knoxville Whig and Rebel Ventilator*, dated Knoxville, Tenn., November 11th, 1863. It was the first issue after the occupation of that city by Federal troops, and some of the Parson's editorials and in pure and unadulterated Saxon.

THE Prohibition National Convention will assemble in Music Hall, Cincinnati, June 29th, and if the full complement of delegates is present there will be 1,001 on hand, besides alternates and visitors. During the campaign of 1888 the Prohibitionists claimed that that would be their Fremont campaign, and in 1892 would come their Lincoln campaign. They are less confident now, however, and say they will be satisfied if they obtain 1,000 votes. As this would be four times as many votes as they polled in 1888 they will probably be disappointed. The campaign of 1892 does not promise to be prolific of third and fourth party voters.